

OSCAR AND MALVINA;

OR

THE HALL OF FINGAL

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PRICE SIX-PENCE





THE  
AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSES, AND ARGUMENT,  
OF THE  
NEW BALLET PANTOMIME,  
(TAKEN FROM OSSIAN)

CALLLED  
OSCAR AND MALVINA;  
OR, *Ossian*  
THE HALL OF FINGAL.

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AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
COVENT-GARDEN.

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THE FOURTH EDITION.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

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1792.





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 C H A R A C T E R S .
 

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- Fingal* (a Highland Chief, Grandfire  
to *Oscar*) - - - - *Mr. Blurton.*  
*Oscar* (his Descendant, on the point  
of Marriage with *Malvina*) *Mr. Byrne.*  
*Dermoth* (Attendant 'Squire to *Oscar*) *Mr. King.*  
*Carrol* (a neighbouring Chief, in  
Love with *Malvina*) - *Mr. Follet.*  
*Draco* } (his attendant 'Squires) { *Mr. Cranfield.*  
 and } { *Mr. Farley.*  
*Morven* }  
*Pedlar* (going to Harvest-Home) *Mr. Munden.*  
*Farmer* - - - - - *Mr. Cubitt.*  
*Malvina* (Daughter of *Toscar*, be-  
trothed to *Oscar*) - *Mad. St. Amand.*  
  
*Bards, Peasants, &c.* by *Messrs. Darley, Wil-*  
*liamson, Gray, Cubitt, Marshall, &c. &c.*  
*Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Blanchard, Miss Broadhurst,*  
*Miss Stuart, &c. &c.*  
  
*Attendants, Soldiers, Servants, Dancers, &c.*

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## THE LANCET

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*THE ARGUMENT.*

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*OSCAR*, the descendant of *Fingal*, a renowned Highland Chief, being betrothed to *Malvina*, the Daughter of *Toscar*; their Clans, accompanied by the Bards (according to the ancient customs of the country) assemble in the *HALL OF FINGAL* (which is fancifully decorated) to celebrate the approaching nuptials of the happy pair, and record the glories of their ancestry; their festivity is interrupted by a vassal, announcing the arrival of *Carrol*, a powerful Chieftain, of a neighbouring isle, who, accompanied by his troops, descends the rocky Mountain of "*BEN LOMOND*," to demand the hand of *Malvina* in marriage.—*Carrol* on being informed she is betrothed to *Oscar*, assumes the garb of friendship, and accepts an invitation to *FINGAL CASTLE*, where, as circumstances offer, he artfully prefers  
his

his suit, and obtains from *Malvina*, reluctantly, a ring (by desire of *Oscar*) as a pledge of amity.—*Carrol* adjures his 'Squires (*Morven* and *Draco*) to secrecy, and commands their assistance in procuring *Malvina* at all hazards; the former appears averse, but the latter readily acquiesces. During this period, *Fingal*, *Oscar*, and *Malvina*, unconscious of *Carrol*'s treachery, indulge themselves in participating the rustic sports of the dependents, who, in the Stubble Fields, which terminate with a distant view of FINGAL CASTLE, present them with a trial of strength and skill (after the manner of the Highland Peasantry.) *Carrol*, disguised as a Pedlar, avails himself of their hilarity, and offers a poisoned beverage to *Oscar*; which he refusing, *Carrol* discovers himself, and displaying the ring, avows his determination to make *Malvina* his by force.—*Draco*, &c. at that instant, with troops, rush forward, and bear off *Malvina*.—*Carrol* is pursued by *Oscar*, on whose approach he entrusts *Malvina* with *Morven*, strictly enjoining him to put her to death, rather



rather than suffer her escape.—She supplicates the aid of *Morven*, who, overpowered by pity, forwards her escape from the cave, wherein she is confined, by a secret avenue. In this interim, *Oscar* is made prisoner, and chained on the summit of a lofty Tower ; this is scarcely accomplished before *Malvina* and *Morven* are re-taken. *Carrol* endeavours to convey her on board a vessel riding at anchor, but is prevented by a storm arising, which destroys the vessel.—He, however, forces her from her lover, leaving *Oscar* still chained, who is at length relieved by *Fingal*, whose men receive him in their arms, on his disengaging himself from his chains and leaping from the turret.—Having regained his liberty, they determine on destroying, by fire, *Carrol's* Camp, situate on a mountain, and to which a Bridge is the pass ; this he accomplishes, by his troops concealing lighted torches under their Helmets, shrouded by their Gabardines. *Carrol's* men alarmed, fall victims to the bravery of *Oscar's* Troops. *Malvina* is dragged over the Bridge by

C

*Carrol,*

*Carrol*, who, enraged and despairing, prepares with his Sword to dispatch her, which is wrested from him by *Morven*; at the same instant, *Malvina* plunges a dagger in his breast and he expires. *Oscar* affectionately embraces *Malvina*, and the bards, &c. joyfully celebrate their union.

**AIRS**



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*AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.*

IN

**OSCAR AND MALVINA;**

OR,

**THE HALL OF FINGAL.**

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*AIR.—Two Bards.*

**SONGS** of triumph let us raise,  
To the mighty Fingal's praise;  
Not the rending storm that flies,  
Through the desert of the skies;  
Not the falling flames of night,  
Give the soul such dire affright,  
As the hero's burning lance,  
When his wond'ring foes advance.  
In his val'rous deeds we trace  
The glories of his ancient race.

**CHORUS**

C H O R U S.

Songs of triumph let us raise,  
To the mighty Fingal's praise.

Q U A R T E T T O.

Tho' the scene of existence be clouded with  
care,

Yet valour and beauty its evils beguile;  
To these shall the worthy, the gentle repair,  
Or to live, or to die, by the sword and  
the smile.

Thus the eagle sublime, through the regions  
of day,

On wings of dominion majestic sails;  
While the dove tells her tale from the syca-  
more spray,

And at once is the solace and pride of the  
vales.

C H O R U S.

Songs of triumph let us raise,  
To the mighty Fingal's praise.



S O N G.—*Pedlar.*

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,  
 Come here to sell my ware;  
 Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,  
 I meddle most with the fair.  
 When I show my ribbands to misses,  
 Tho' copper and filler I gain!  
 Yet better I'm pleas'd with the blisses,  
 That I cannot now explain.

I am a jolly gay pedlar, &c.  
 Fools say that this life is but sorrow,  
 And seem disinclined to be gay;  
 But why should we think of to-morrow,  
 When we may be happy to-day.  
 I rove round the world for my pleasure,  
 Resolv'd to take nothing amiss;  
 And think my existence a treasure,  
 When blest with the cup and the kiss.

I am, &c.  
 They surely are thick-headed asses,  
 Who know that youth's gone in a crack;  
 Yet will not enjoy, as it passes,  
 The season that never comes back.  
 Let time jog on slower, or quicker,  
 Or whether we're silly, or wise;  
 We shall not be the worse for good liquor,  
 Or the smiles of a girl with black eyes.

I am, &c.

DUET.

DUET.—*Mrs. Martyr and Mrs. Blanchard.*

O ! EVER, in my bosom live,

Thou source of endless pleasure !

Since nothing else on earth can give

So dear so rich a treasure.

True love, perhaps, may bring alarms,

Or be but loss of reason ;

Yet still it adds to Summer's charms,

And cheers the wintry season.

The lustre of the great and gay,

Is transitory fashion ;

Whilst pure and lasting is the ray,

Of unaffected passion.

When danger threatens the peasant's cot,

And cruel cares assail it ;

Affection's smiles shall soothe his lot,

Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each, on each rely,

A mutual transport borrow ;

The slavish forms of life defy,

And artificial sorrow.

Content, we'll sport, and laugh and sing,

Grow livelier and jocofer,

While time, that fleets on envious wing,

Shall bind our hearts the closer.

QUARTETTO



QUARTETTO—*by Bards.*

WHO shal! deserve the glowing praise,  
Of the rapt bards' exalted lays?

None can deserve it but the brave!  
In life he gains the meed divine,  
And holy hands fresh laurels twine,  
To decorate the hero's grave.

Prove then the burning proud delight!  
And rush indignant to the fight,

Let glory be your leading star;  
'Tis endless infamy to fly—  
But blest with honour he shall die,  
Who falls amid the ranks of war.

CHORUS.

*By all the Bards and Peasantry.*

OSCAR, like the orb of day,  
Drives each threat'ning storm away;  
Far before his blazing eye,  
Swift the mingled squadrons fly.  
Let us then united raise  
Songs of triumph to his praise.

FINALE.

FINALE

*First Peasant.*

When the battle's rage is ended,  
And each danger over;  
Smiles and tears by beauty blended,  
Recompence the lover.

*Second Peasant.*

Heroes now, their lances gleaming,  
Are no more of slaughter dreaming;  
But bright eyes, with fondness beaming,  
Recompence the lover.

*Third Peasant and CHORUS.*

When the battle's rage is ended, &c.

*Fourth Peasant.*

Sportive song and dance inviting,  
Ev'ry youthful heart delighting,  
Prove that nobler joys than fighting,  
Recompence the lover.

CHORUS.

When the battle's rage is ended, &c.

THE END.



